THE REALM OF WOMAN AND HER WORK

Jacqueminots.

I may speak in words, dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for showers,
And every purple velvet thrills with exquisite desire.

O! let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their deeper passion,
For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my love.

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of her kiss.

—James Boyle O'Reilly.

Sister of Evangelina Cisneros.

Miss Clara Barton has just made public the fact that Evangelina Cisneros, the Cuban heroine, has an unknown sister who has been since her infancy the adopted daughter of the mayor of Sagua la Grande in Cuba, and is now fifteen years old. Her story was told Miss Barton by the mayor, who explained that Senor Cisneros, the father of the girls, had been an active patriot who had fallen under the ban of the Spanish government. The family had been dispersed, and this little girl—then a mere babe—had been adopted by the mayor and his wife, who were intimate friends of Senor and Madam Cisneros. "I hope I have not betrayed a trust," said Miss Barton, "but there was a little touch of romance in this—something so sweet and paternal in the relationship, and something altogether so interesting in the thought of this bright young girl reading and admiring the courage and successful exploits of her own sister without ever dreaming that she was anything to her. It seems really too good a point to keep dark. I trust that the good mayor will forgive me."—Literary Digest.

RED HAIR LASTS LONGEST.

Statistics which have recently been compiled show that persons with red hair are far less likely to become bald than those who have hair of another color. The average number of red hairs on the human skull is 22,200. Hair of a dark color is generally much finer than red hair, and three dark hairs cover as much space as a single red hair. As a rule, a dark haired person has about 106,000 hairs on the skull.

Fair haired persons, on the other hand, men as well as women, have from 140,000 to 160,000. The strongest hairs, however, are those of a red color, and hence they endure the longest. It may be added that red-haired persons are generally of a sympathetic and passionate nature, and are, as a rule, far more apt to be optimists than pessimists.

FOR THE EARL OF CREWE.

Interesting List of Books and Their Givers Among the Wedding Gifts.

The list of books among the wedding presents to the earl and countess of Crewe is interesting:

Mr. Asquith, "Gulliver's Travels" (first edition.

Mr. Balfour, manuscript book in white vellum and gold.

Lord Cairns, "Rabelais" (illustrated).

Lord Rosy, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan."

Lady Ripon, "Mary Stuart."

Bishop of Winchester, "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bishop of Bath and Wells, "Imitation of Christ.

Mr. William Watson, his own poems.

Sir Algernon West, Mr. Watson's poems.

Mrs. Drew, "Sesame and Lilies."

Miss Helen Gladstone, Browning.

Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, Keats.

Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings."

Sir Wemyss Reid, "Jane Austen's Novels."

Mr. Haldane, works of Sainte-Beuve.

Miss Braddon, her own works.

The Prince of Wales' gift to the Earl of Crewe was an edition of Joachim du Bellay. English readers do not know this charming poet as they ought—for his old French is a little difficult—but Mr. Lang has translated some of his work with sympathy and the most dextrous skill, notably "Vanneurs:"

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud encloses
Wind-flowers too.

Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

It was said of Du Bellay that he was born in 1525 as a compensation from Nature to France for the loss of Pavia—one of the prettiest compliments that exists.—The Academy.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is but carving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he is able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time;
Give to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff
And that each may have his due
Let your neighbor carve for you.

—Scott.

The Cost of Dress.

Elegance does not consist in richness of material and trimming, fortunately; it resides in the cut, fit and general style of the costume, its appropriateness to the occasion upon which it is worn and the way the wearer carries it. While it is always advisable to buy material of sterling quality it is by no means essential to purchase the most costly kinds. It is better to save on the expense of the goods and pay more for the making. A well-made gown is a thing of beauty, and if not a joy forever it is a joy much longer than is an ill made one, which vexes its owner and makes her feel uncomfortable every time she puts it on. Very pretty gowns are to be had ready made now. They require refitting, of course, but that does not cost a great deal in addition, and will be well done by the establishment which sells the gowns. There is, of course, the objection to be made that ready-made gowns are constructed by the wholesale, ever so many just alike, but the purchaser can always change hers and give it a look of originality by putting on new buttons, adding a little braid or passementerie, facing the revers with lace or making some similar variation.

When She Travels.

Talk about pockets! Women are running men hard in the number and variety they possess nowadays. The unsuspecting man who has been talking about femininity's idiocy in carrying its pocketbook in its hand, little suspects its resources in this direction; and he may search his wife's tight-fitting skirt closely without finding evidences there of those receptacles, too, for the best pocket that ever lived went down before the tailor's curve. It is in her lingerie that madame puts her treasures, the petticoat containing a "bag" for money or jewels, or even a series of them, all made of gray canvas stitched on very carefully, and with a Frenchy little gathering of ribbon to hold the ramailes in; the corset is furnished with two pockets firmly sewed into the stays and even the corset covers have their quota. Thus equipped the traveling woman is safe from hotel or sleeping car robbers, and is so dressed that she can carry any number of small parcels without annoyance to herself or evidences to the public.

Is it Odd Earrings Next?

Is it a fad to wear a different kind of ear-ring in each ear? Is it merely a freak of one woman, or did she do it without knowing it?

The jewelers are not selling odd pairs of earrings, and they disclaim any knowledge of mixing mates in this way. But the fact remains that a woman whose general appearance otherwise proclaimed her a woman of fashion appeared on the street last week with odd earrings.

One was a huge pearl surrounded by diamonds of a large size. In the other ear was a sapphire of the same size as the pearl and similarly set with diamonds. The first thing we know different styles of setting will be worn, and a solitaire will adorn one ear, while a long, old-fashioned pendant or string of gems will fall from the other ear, reaching down to the shoulder.

These long, old-fashioned styles are now being shown hesitatingly by the jewelers, one set at a time. They seem to be fearful of their questionable popularity, and do not as yet dare to bring on a full stock of them. Ladies do not care to load down their ears with heavy ornaments, which pull and tear the lobe of the ear out of shape, as did their ancestors.

Cucumber Jelly.

Cut four large cucumbers into strips and stew in one quart of water, with one small slice of onion, a generous saltspoonful of salt and a small pinch of white pepper. When the cucumbers become soft add half a box of gelatine that has been soaking in a small cup of cold water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain through a fine sieve and when the liquid becomes cold and almost ready to set peel and slice thin one cucumber and line a plain mold that has been wet in cold water with the slices, turn in the liquid jelly and put in a cold place to harden. Cut in slices and serve on lettuce leaves with any good salad dressing.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Ruling Passion.

Husband (rushing into the room)—Come out, quick!

Wife—What' the matter?

"The house is on fire, and we will be burnt to death if we hesitate a moment. Run, run for your life!"

"Yes, I'll be out in a minute. I've got to tidy up the room a little, so that it will look decent when the firemen get here."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Not Enough of a Kind.

Dorothy had been asked how she liked the appearance of her uncle's new house, which is painted a light green, with three darker shades for trimmings. "For my part," replied the little girl candidly, "I prefer a color that doesn't have to be pieced out so much."—Judge.

A Business Woman.

"You say she is a business woman. What business is she interested in?"

"Oh, everybody's."—Tid-Bits.

Consideration.

Hilda—That awful old hat, Ella! Why do you wear it?

Ella (her younger sister)—For your sake, dear. I mustn't be too attractive, you know!—Punch.

MISS LUCY H. MORTON.

One of the most popular young ladies in Virginia is Miss Lucie H. Morton, of Keyesville. She is considered one of the brightest and most accomplished girls in the State. Miss Morton is the daughter of Major J. W. Morton. She spent three years at Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., where she graduated in June, 1898, with the highest honors of her class. She is an accomplished musician and elocutionist, and a girl of scholarly attainments. Her grandfather, Judge John T. Jones, of Arkansas, was a native of Essex county, Va., moved to Arkansas when a young man, was elected circuit judge, and in 1856 was elected to the United States Senate from Arkansas. Miss Morton is very popular at her home, and has a host of friends in Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana, where she has been visiting the past winter.

A Royal Laundress.

A story is told of the Princess Louise's visit to the Bermudas. These islands belong to Great Britain. The islanders determined to give her a reception, and both rich and poor made ready to do her honor.

One day she was out sketching, for, like the queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching. She was thirsty and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the Princess was; she was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the Queen's daughter, she said. Oh, so! She could not leave that to get water for anybody.

"If you will get me the water," said the Princess, "I will finish ironing the shirt while you are gone."

So the Princess ironed the shirt while the woman fetched the water.

CURIOUS CALVARY CLOVER BLOSSOM.

It Has a Blood Spot Which Fades Away in a Few Weeks.

A most remarkable little plant, which is exciting not a little attention among plant lovers, is the calvary clover (medicago echinus). Though generally supposed to be a native of Palestine, this pretty and curious little plant will live and grow freely in the somewhat smoky atmosphere of Chicago.

Admirers of this plant say that to produce healthy and thriving plants it is necessary to sow the seed on Good Friday, while the more unimaginative say that some time during the spring will do just as well.

When the little leaves of the calvary clover first appear above ground each division of the leaf has a deep-red spot, like freshly spilt blood upon it, which lasts for some weeks and finally fades away.

The three leaflets composing each leaf stand erect during the day in the form of a cross, with the head in position and arms extended, but as the sun begins to set and evening to draw on the tiny arm leaflets are brought together and the top leaflet, or head, is bowed over them.—Chicago Chronicle.

SHE FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

Bravery of the Wife of Col. Stotsenburg, Who was Killed at Manila.

Mrs. Mary La Tourette Stotsenburg, widow of Colonel John Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Ind., who has just arrived at Washington with the remains of her husband after a trip of several weeks from Manila, bears the distinction of having been often under fire on the firing line around Manila. When Colonel Stotsenburg went to the Philippines his wife accompanied him, and, arriving there, insisted on being permitted to accompany her husband in the subsequent campaigns. She went as a nurse, with the consent of General Otis, but on many occasions she had to spend hours in the trenches with the troops.

Letters from Manila to relatives, written months ago, tell of instances in which the plucky woman was under during different engagements and was forced, with her escort, to drop in the trenches, where she lay, with the bullets whistling over her head. On different occasions she could not restrain her enthusiasm, and, although she does not make reference to it, reliable reports tell of her seizing a rifle from a dying soldier and doing very effective work.

She bore up bravely under the great grief caused by the killing of her husband, and, although thousands of miles away from home, she resolutely took into her hands the details of preparing for shipment home of the remains. On the long trip across the ocean, oppressed by grief and responsibility, her demeanor has caused the greatest admiration for her. Mrs. Stotsenburg will return to New Albany with the parents of her husband. Her two little children have been there since their parents sailed for Manila.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Governess for a Kaiser.

The kaiser has been engaging a governess for his little daughter, and the lucky candidate describes her interview:

"Though his Majesty tried his best to muddle me, and did not refrain from being exceedingly inquisitive about what concerns me alone, I must say that I never before heard a more boyish, naughtyish, laugh than that of this almighty personage when something tickles his fancy. He is full of fun, and he literally took the cushion of the sofa and put half of it in his mouth to stop the explosions of his mirth when I read him a letter from King Frederick III engaging my aunt as governess."

The letter contained the following statements:

"You will occupy a large, sunny room with Charlotte, each having a separate bed and washstand. You will receive 300 a year, together with lodging, fire, washing, (without restriction, including even flounced and belaced cotton frocks and petticoats), a wax candle per day for your personal candlestick and a tallow one for common use; a lackey in gray and red livery (fed by us) will sit in your ante chamber; you will have all the white gloves of the queen, whose rank forbids her to wear the same pair twice, and which, we hope, will fit your hands. To this we add our royal friendship and any favors which might result from the same."—Boston Globe.

Jeweled Portieres.

For those who have ugly views from their back windows or corridors leading to back stairs, &c., it is quite a serious matter as to how best to hide them. Draperies are expensive when the material is good, and inexpensive material gets easily tossed. Bead blinds which may be made with very little trouble at home are clean and tidy, besides being pretty, and have the further advantage of admitting the light while preventing people from looking into the room.

Measure the width of the window or doorway you wish to hide and get a carpenter to make a narrow lath to fit it, with small grooves all the way along at equal distances and rather close together. The only thing you will then require is a ball or two of macrema cord and plenty of large glass beads in pretty colors; to mix too many colors is a mistake. Thread the string with a bead and knot to prevent its slipping; do this at intervals all the way down the string until it is the length required. It is advisable to tie each string securely on the groove in the wooden lath as you go along, as they are apt to tangle if loose. Try to have the strings as close together as possible; the effect is quite spoiled if they are straggly or far apart. By the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity a pretty pattern of flowers or birds may be introduced. Beads suitable for this purpose may be purchased at a very low price.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A New Summer Salad.

A cherry salad is prepared by halving and stoning the fruit and mixing with it walnut meats in the proportion of a third of nuts to two-thirds of the cherries. Arrange on lettuce hearts and serve with a mayonnaise dressing after all ingredients have been thoroughly chilled.—Chicago Chronicle.

WAS SHORT ON GOOD STORIES.

Predicament of a Woman With Seven Calls to Make.

"Seven visits to make in one afternoon! Well, I think I can manage it. Some of them may not be at home, and I can make an early start. Let me see. There's that anecdote about Ethel's fox terrier and the cute speech of little Bob and that awfully clever thing that Dexter told the other night about the Goddess of Liberty. Is that all I have in stock? Oh, dear, no. There's that quotation from 'The Pneumatic Woman' that struck me so. I haven't got it off to anyone yet, and I dare say it will go as original. Not one person in ten has heard of 'The Pneumatic Woman.' Is that enough for seven calls. I'm afraid not. Well there's always the weather. Really, if it came to the point I'd rather talk interestingly about any old subject than stupidly about a brand-new one. There's more art in it. I wonder if I dare risk that joke about Clara again. I've told it so many times lately—indeed, I won't be sure that some of the times were not at the very places I'm going. It mean it is that Maude made me promise not to repeat that lovely bit of gossip she gave me this morning! I haven't heard anything so delicious for a long time. Well," with a sigh, "I promised on my word of honor I wouldn't tell, and——" another sigh. "Why, here we are at Mrs. Somebody's. I wonder if I have enough to talk about for seven calls? Oh, well, some of them may be out—and—oh, dear, if I only hadn't promised Maude."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

VACATION IN A BALOON.

Novel Way Two French Actretses Decided to Spend the Summer.

A story is being whispered around Paris of two pretty actresses who are going to take their vacations this summer in a balloon. They do not propose to imitate Andree and start for the Pole, but they have an idea that it will be very pleasant making short trips in a balloon. A skilled balloonist is to accompany them and manage the flight of the aerial ship.

The balloon which they will chose is an ordinary picnic balloon, such as is used every spring at county fairs. The ascension is made with the aeronauts in a car suspended from the balloon, and the travellers carry with them provisions to last a day or two, also cork life preservers and a few toilet necessities.

Ascensions will be made pleasant mornings, with the intention of journeying only as far as some neighboring town and dropping there to rest, after which a return trip is to be made home. But as all signs fail in ballooning, there may be many a slip, and it is this which the fair balloonists are provided for.

In case the balloon soars too far away and exhausts too much air for a return, a skilled balloonist, who is of the party, will lower them to the earth. Then they will pack up the balloon and journey home on the cars. The rubber suit is to be used in case of a watery descent in the middle of the ocean or river. In this case the life preserver is hurriedly put on and the party get to shore as well as they can. It is an adventurous plan, and the capricious young women may abandon it before the summer season is here.—Buffalo Times.

Light of a Father's Eye.

There is a patent lawyer with an office in the Monadnock building, says a Chicago paper, who has a number of very bright children. So bright, indeed, that their functioning "dad" is invariably forgiven for telling "what my boy said" to the man in his office. Here is the latest:

"I've got a tool chest out at my house that would make a carpenter sick with envy. I've been buying tools for it for twenty years. Of course, I never let the youngsters touch it.

"The other day my wife went upstairs and found 'Bookie,' my youngest, 2½ years old, monkeying with that chest. He had the lid up and his head thrust in under it.

"'Bookie,' said my wife, 'what are you looking for?'

"And the youngster, knowing he had been caught, looked up and with a twinkle in his eye, said:

"'Lookin' for twouble!'"

Pastel Cloth.

The very latest cloth is called pastel. It has a finish like a picture in pastel, and seems to be covered with a downy surface that could be very easily brushed off. A beautiful gown in mode-colored pastel cloth had a close-fitting skirt trimmed with bias strips of the cloth, arranged at intervals up and down the skirt, in waving lines. The sleeves and bodices are also circled with these waving strips of cloth, and there is a lace plastron, shield-shaped and extending below the waist line for nearly half an inch, running out over the shoulders to relieve the severity of the effect.

Interesting Women.

Princess Eugenia Paleologus, who for some years has been trying to prove her claim of being the direct descendant of Constantine, the last Emperor of Byzantium, has at last been successful, the Russian synod acknowledging her rights, and the Russian government will pay her an annual pension. Her husband is an English officer.

ARE GOOD COOKS.

German princesses are said to be as good cooks as housekeepers. The Empress Augusta was a skilled dressmaker. Some of the English princesses are trained in the profession of nursing. The Princess of Wales is an accomplished bookbinder. Queen Wilhelmina is said to be a good cook and laundress. For a total lack of interest in homely, old-fashioned pursuits, it remained for the American girl to show what really could be done in that line.

AN EARLY RISER.

The Empress Frederick is said to be a most energetic woman. She delights in getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, takes endless excursions, and has a mania for acquiring information of a detailed character. It is said that the Prince of Wales was once asked whom he considered the cleverest woman among his friends. He answered that if modesty did not forbid he would name his sister, the Empress Frederick. This was doubtless pleasing to the rest of his feminine relatives and acquaintances.

TO WRITE A HISTORY.

Mlle. Lucia Faure is going to write a history of her father's presidency, working from papers her father gave her. She will continue as the head of the League of the Children of France, a charitable institution which she herself founded.

How She Wanted to be Painted.

"I want you to paint my picture," said a wealthy lady to an artist in Paris. "I don't care about the price. When can you begin?"

"I will be ready a week from to-day."

A week afterward the artist awaited his sitter.

At the hour appointed a maid appeared with a huge box.

"What's this?"

"Madame's costume," and the maid departed without another word.

He supposed the lady would appear and put the dress on there. She did not come. Two or three days passed and no message. Suddenly the lady bounced into the studio.

"Well, how is the picture progressing?"

"Madame, you have given me no sittings. I have not been able to begin."

"Why, didn't you get the dress I sent you?"

"Yes, I have a box of madame's here, but I can't produce a portrait without personal attendance."

"I thought you could fit to the head at any time. The dress cost 5,000 francs, and I want it painted. The likeness doesn't matter."—Buffalo Times.

PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

I saw a little wiggling worm,
Uncertain what to do,
Who simply squirmed his little squirm,
Until the day was through.

"I want to know," the little worm
Exclaimed as he expired,
"If one but wiggles all day long,
What more can be desired?"

—St. Nicholas.

HE HAD FOUND HER.

How a Man Proposed to an Ignorant Girl.

"Do you believe in territorial expansion, Miss Willowby?"

"Well, to tell the truth," the beautiful girl replied, "I haven't given enough study to that question to know anything about it."

Mr. Primley twisted his moustache for a moment and then asked:

"Are you in favor of an Anglo-Saxon alliance?"

"Oh, dear, I can't say. I haven't paid attention to that subject. I confess that I am as ignorant as a child where public matters are concerned."

"Then you haven't become interested in any of the reform movements?"

"No, I don't consider myself capable of taking up and discussing those things."

"Do you take much interest in science and are you in the habit of discussing the beauties of classical music, using technical terms, or are you an amateur literary critic, or do you ever talk to people about the great moral problems that are claiming the attention of so many of our learned women nowadays?"

"No, I am ashamed to have to confess it, but I have found it impossible to get any of those things through my head sufficiently to dare to talk about them."

"You don't know anything about politics or socialism in its new sense, or the 'Influence of the Compendium as Applied to the Concomitants of Paleolithic Abnegation,' do you?"

"I—I am afraid I don't" she timidly replied.

"Say," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you be my wife?"—Chicago News.

Helen's Rare Compos.

When Helen at the chafing dish
Presided with bewitching grace,
It seemed as though my dearest wish
Would have the girl in such a place.
Enthroned she was as any queen,
An air domestic lent its charm,
So fair a face was never seen—
Or, when she "stirred," so fair an arm.

Obedient I made a "cream"
Of flour and butter—ground with might,
Between times sniffing at the steam
That leaked beneath a cover tight.
At what the mystic depths evolved
She once permitted me to look—
And instantly I firm resolved
To eat it all and kiss the cook.

And when the blue and lambent flame
Was quenched, and "done" the mixture stood,
(To which Neil gave a funny name),
We both pronounced it "very good."
Perchance, Olympic deities
Had dish like this—I'm much afraid
They lacked the best, because there is
None else divine as Helen made.

A sweet goodnight—despite demur—
And home with hopes and joys increased,
Where waited sleep, and dreams of her—
A fine dessert to such a feast.
Alas! I dreamed most hideously
Of monstrous birds and beasts and fish—
How strange and sad a legacy
From dainty Helen's chafing dish!

—Edwin L. Sabin in Puck.

Sure He Sent It.

Mr. Le Jecks—Well, Miss Coldcash, I suppose you received a good many birthday cards?

Miss Coldcash (sweetly)—O, yes; and there was one particularly dainty and artistic. I am sure it came from you.

Mr. Le Jecks (delighted)—What makes you think so?

Miss Coldcash—Because I sent it to you on your last birthday.—Stray Stories.

Must Stick Together.

"Which do you love the most—your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—"I love papa most." Charlie's Mother—"Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most." Charlie—"Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together."—Tit-Bits.

The Wise and the Foolish Virgins.

Three little girls with flying curls,
Went down where the waves low ran,
To sport on the shore and study sea lore,
Far off from the haunts of man.

Said one of the girls with flying curls,
"I'm happy as happy can be,
I swim with the fishes and wade with the crabs,
And never a man to see."

With prancing feet the summer through,
They danced where the waves low run,
And little they recked in those golden hours,
Of the winter days to come.

Wiser the girl in the summer time,
Who sits on the beach with a book,
And smileth upon the summer man,
Who seeketh a quiet nook.

For the careless three there are long dark days,
When lines creep into the face;
For the girl with a book in a quiet nook,
There are orange blossoms and lace.